


BARBARA LAMB

by CAM






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 JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.  
First published 1944 This edition printed  
in Holland by L. Van Leer & Co. N.V. 1950



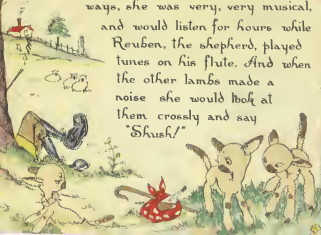
**THE BLUEBIRDS** were  
nesting when Barbara was born.  
The sun was smiling down at the  
other lambs gambolling in the  
meadow, and warming the buds  
so that they burst into flower. All  
the animals were happy in a  
new and friendly world.





## BARBARA

was the smallest lamb in the meadow, and she always wore a necklace of flowers. Although she was so small, and quite silly in some ways, she was very, very musical, and would listen for hours while Reuben, the shepherd, played tunes on his flute. And when the other lambs made a noise she would look at them crossly and say "Shush!"





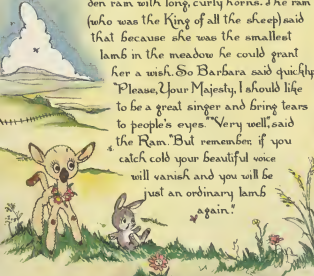
**REUBEN** sometimes told Barbara stories of famous singers who sang so beautifully that they brought tears to the people's eyes. Barbara thought how lovely it would be if she could sing as beautifully as that. She wanted to sing more than anything in the world. But when she tried it she could only make a funny sort of "baa-ing" noise, and the other animals made faces at her. So she crept quietly away by herself and dreamed of being a famous singer.





# ONE

day she awoke from her dream to find standing before her a MAGIC golden ram with long, curly horns. The ram (who was the King of all the sheep) said that because she was the smallest lamb in the meadow he could grant her a wish. So Barbara said quickly "Please, Your Majesty, I should like to be a great singer and bring tears to people's eyes." "Very well," said the Ram. "But remember, if you catch cold your beautiful voice will vanish and you will be just an ordinary lamb again."





A moment  
later Barbara

felt a light touch on the tip of her  
tongue and a feeling like fizzy lemon-  
ade running down her throat. When  
she opened her eyes the King had dis-  
appeared. At first she thought she had  
only been dreaming. But presently  
she opened her mouth and sang a  
tiny note. She could hardly believe  
her ears! It was the most beautiful  
note she had ever heard! She tried  
a louder one. It was true! She  
was a real singer! Off she ran  
to tell Reuben.



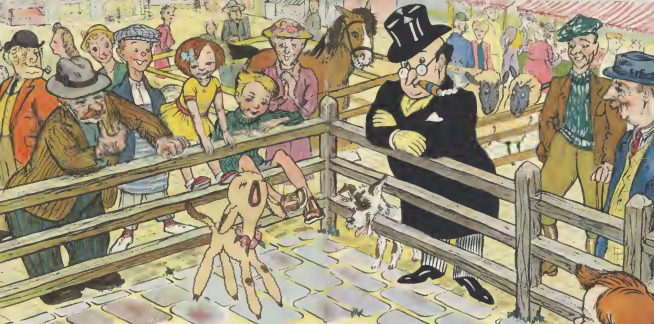




THEY were taken to market and put in a sheep-pen, and they hated it! Barbara tried to cheer them up by singing. She sang and sang, but it didn't do much good. And when the farmers came round they bought all the other lambs, but not Barbara, because although she sang so beautifully she was not big and fat enough. Poor Barbara was dreadfully ashamed!







**B**UT presently she to sing again just to keep her while she was singing along came a very important had yellow gloves and a shiny hat and a big cigar, heard a lamb sing so beautifully before.

began spirits up, and gentleman from the city. He and he said he had never



**AFTER** he had listened to her a little more he asked Barbara politely if she would care to come along to the city with him. Barbara said she would be delighted. So he showed her to his beautiful car, and they drove away together to the city. The gentleman, whose name was Mr Robinson, said that Barbara should have her name up in golden lights. Barbara was terribly excited!



## AND IT ALL CAME TRUE!

A few weeks later Barbara sang on the stage at Mr Robinson's theatre, and the people cheered and cheered. And although it was too dark to see for certain, Barbara felt quite sure they all had tears in their eyes. She was very, very happy as she thought how splendid it was to be a success, and so different from other lambs. But she DID wish Reuben could have heard her.

BARBARA  
THE WONDER LAMB  
WITH THE  
GOLDEN VOICE!





**S**HE became famous in next to no time, and when she walked with Mr Robinson in the park the people used to stare, because they all knew she was Barbara the lass with the Golden voice. She had the loveliest dressing-room and people sent her flowers and lots of letters. She was **VERY** happy, but still she didn't quite forget the meadow where she had played.





WELL, one day Barbara said she would like to go to the Zoo. So kind Mr Robinson at once said he would take her. They saw the elephant and the lion, the giraffes and the camels, the penguins and monkeys and bears. It was all perfectly lovely... until the most dreadful thing happened. A horrid fat black cloud got in the way of the sun, and it began to pour with rain. Poor

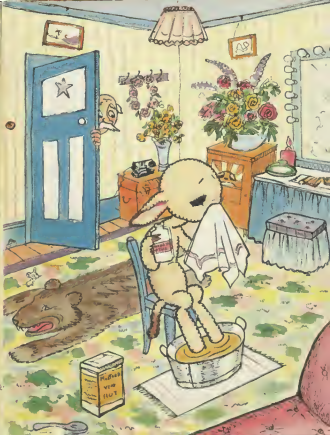
Barbara and Mr Robinson got wet through.





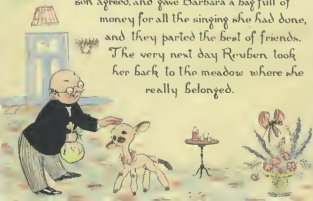
## BARBARA CAUGHT COLD!

She sniffed and sneezed, and although she gargled like anything it didn't do any good. That night she found her lovely voice had vanished, just as the Golden Ram had said it would. She was just a little lamb "baa-ing" rather hoarsely, and the people laughed instead of having tears in their eyes. She went sadly to her dressing room, knowing she would never sing again. But suddenly a head appeared round the door.





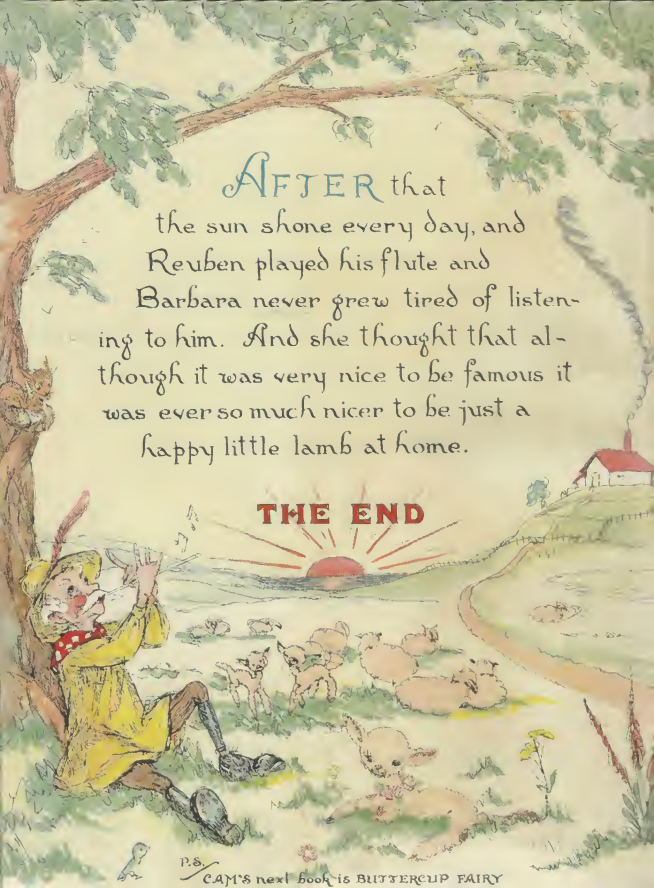
**I**t was Reuben, the shepherd!  
Barbara was so glad to see him that all  
in a minute she was happy again. Reuben  
said he would take her back to the meadow,  
and she must forget about singing. Mr. Robin-  
son agreed, and gave Barbara a bag full of  
money for all the singing she had done,  
and they parted the best of friends.  
The very next day Reuben took  
her back to the meadow where she  
really belonged.





THE sun was  
setting when they reached the  
meadow, but there was still time to  
have the most lovely coming-home  
party. Reuben played his flute,  
and Barbara thought it much  
more beautiful than her singing  
(when she had been able to sing).  
And when at last she fell asleep,  
a happy and contented little lamb,  
she had no dreams at all.



A whimsical illustration of a boy with blonde hair, wearing a yellow tunic and a red polka-dot scarf, sitting on the ground and playing a white flute. He is surrounded by a flock of sheep in a grassy field. In the background, there is a large tree on the left, a small white house with a red roof on a hill to the right, and a setting or rising sun with rays in the center. The text is written in a stylized, hand-drawn font.

AFTER that  
the sun shone every day, and  
Reuben played his flute and  
Barbara never grew tired of listen-  
ing to him. And she thought that al-  
though it was very nice to be famous it  
was ever so much nicer to be just a  
happy little lamb at home.

**THE END**

P.S.

CAM'S next book is BUTTERCUP FAIRY

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